



St James's
PICCADILLY

Carols for All

16th & 23rd December
2023 at 1pm



WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

CAROL

O come, all ye faithful,
joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
come and behold him, born the king of angels:

Refrain:

*O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.*

God of God,
Light of Light,
lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
very God, begotten not created:

Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
glory to God in the highest:

CHOIR

Sussex Carol by David Willcocks

READING



CAROL

O little town of Bethlehem,
how still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
the silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
the everlasting light;
the hopes and fears of all the years
are met in thee tonight.

O morning stars, together
proclaim the holy birth,
and praises sing to God the King,
and peace to all the earth.
For Christ is born of Mary;
and, gathered all above,
while mortals sleep, the angels keep
their watch of wond'ring love;

How silently, how silently,
the wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts
the blessings of his heav'n.
No ear may hear his coming;
but in this world of sin,
where meek souls will receive him, still
the dear Christ enters in.

O holy child of Bethlehem,
descend to us, we pray;
cast out our sin, and enter in,
be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels



the great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
our Lord Emmanuel.

READING

CAROL

Once in royal David's city
stood a lowly cattle shed,
where a mother laid her baby
in a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
who is God and Lord of all,
and his shelter was a stable,
and his cradle was a stall;
with the poor and mean and lowly,
lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And our eyes at last shall see him
through his own redeeming love,
for that child so dear and gentle
is our Lord in heav'n above;
and he leads his children on
to the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
with the oxen standing by,
we shall see him; but in heaven,
set at God's right hand on high;
when like stars his children crowned
all in white shall wait around.



CHOIR

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day by John Gardner

READING

CAROL

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
all seated on the ground,
the angel of the Lord came down,
and glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
had seized their troubled minds;
"glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town this day
is born of David's line
a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
and this shall be the sign.

The heav'nly babe you there shall find
to human view displayed,
all meanly wrapped in swaddling-clothes
and in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
appeared a shining throng
of angels, praising God, and thus
addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace,
goodwill henceforth from heav'n to men
begin and never cease."



THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS

*During the next two carols, a collection will be taken for St James's **Christmas for All** appeal. Opportunity for cash or tap donations will be passed around the audience. £5, £10, £15 or more will make a huge difference to the work St James's does with people who need a listening ear, hot food or clothing at this time of year and will support music and arts education programmes too. Please also use the QR code on page 12.*

CAROL

**In the bleak midwinter,
frosty wind made moan,
earth stood hard as iron,
water like a stone;
snow had fallen, snow on snow,
snow on snow,
in the bleak midwinter,
long ago.**

**Our God, heaven cannot hold him
nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away,
when he comes to reign.
In the bleak midwinter
a stable-place sufficed
the Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.**

**Angels and archangels
may have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim
throngèd the air.**



But only his mother
in her maiden bliss
worshipped the beloved
with a kiss.

What can I give him,
poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
if I were a wise man
I would do my part;
yet what I can I give him -
give my heart.

CLOSING WORDS

CAROL

Hark, the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled:
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th'angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

Refrain:

*Hark, the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new born King.*

Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!



Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, th'incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with us to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that we no more may die,
Born to raise us from the earth,
Born to give us second birth.

CHOIR AND AUDIENCE MEDLEY FOR ALL TO JOIN IN

It's the most wonderful time of the year

It's the most wonderful time of the year,
with the kids jingle-belling
and everyone telling you 'be of good cheer';
it's the most wonderful time of the year.

It's the hap-happiest season of all,
with those holiday greetings and gay happy meetings
when friends come to call;
it's the hap-happiest season of all.

There'll be parties for hosting,
marshmallows for toasting,
and carolling out in the snow.
There'll be scary ghost stories
and tales of the glories of
Christmases long ago, long ago.



It's the most wonderful time of the year,
with the kids jingle-belling
and everyone telling you "be of good cheer";
it's the most wonderful time of the year.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
let your heart be light
from now on, our troubles will be out of sight

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
make the Yuletide gay
from now on, our troubles will be miles away

Here we are as in olden days
happy golden days of yore
faithful friends who are dear to us
gather near to us once more

Through the years, we all will be together
if the fates allow
hang a shining star upon the highest bough
and have yourself a merry little Christmas now

Fairytale of New York

[low voices]

It was Christmas Eve, babe, in the drunk tank
an old man said to me, "Won't see another one"
and then he sang a song, 'The Rare Old Mountain Dew'
I turned my face away and dreamed about you



Got on a lucky one, came in eighteen-to-one
I've got a feeling this year's for me and you
so, Happy Christmas, I love you, baby
I can see a better time when all our dreams come true

[high voices]

They've got cars big as bars, they've got rivers of gold
but the wind goes right through you, it's no place for the old
when you first took my hand on a cold Christmas Eve
you promised me Broadway was waiting for me

[All]

You were handsome,
You were pretty, queen of New York City
when the band finished playing, they howled out for more
Sinatra was swinging,
all the drunks, they were singing
we kissed on a corner, then danced through the night

The boys of the NYPD choir
were singing, "Galway Bay"
and the bells were ringing out
for Christmas day

All I want for Christmas is you

I don't want a lot for Christmas
there is just one thing I need
I don't care about the presents
underneath the Christmas tree
I don't need to hang my stocking
there upon the fireplace
Santa Claus won't make me happy
with a toy on Christmas Day



I just want you for my own
more than you could ever know
make my wish come true
all I want for Christmas is you
you, baby

All the lights are shining
so brightly everywhere
and the sound of children's laughter fills the air
and everyone is singing
I hear those sleigh bells ringing
Santa, won't you bring me the one I really need?
won't you please bring my baby to me?

Oh, I don't want a lot for Christmas
this is all I'm asking for
I just wanna see my baby
standing right outside my door

I just want you for my own
more than you could ever know
make my wish come true
all I want for Christmas is _____ you

Ooh baby,
all I want for Christmas is you, baby
all I want for Christmas is you, baby, you!





Together, this Christmas, we can make a real difference in the lives of people who are struggling. St James's Piccadilly and The Passage, a leading homelessness charity in Westminster, have joined forces to bring warmth, hope, and comfort to those experiencing homelessness in our community. Your support will provide shelter, hot meals and vital services during this cold season.

Please, today as you read this, open your hearts and donate to our Christmas appeal. Every single gift, large or small, makes a real difference to the lives of those experiencing homelessness across the festive season.

Your gift of £5 could directly provide a hot meal to someone experiencing homelessness, served in the church itself to anyone who needs it. Your gift of £50 will help provide free counselling, warm clothes, advice and support.

Ways to donate:

Text ALL followed by your donation amount to 70490 to give that amount (e.g. ALL 10 to donate £10). Texts will cost the donation amount plus one standard network rate message.

Use one of the contactless giving devices located in the church. You may also see these in local shops and offices: please don't feel as if you can give only once....!

Visit the **Christmas for All** page on our website using this QR code:

